HOLD ON TO YOUR HEAD—YOU MAY LAUGH IT OFF!

7d

SMASH!

No.8

26th. MAR. 1966.

EVERY THURSDAY

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

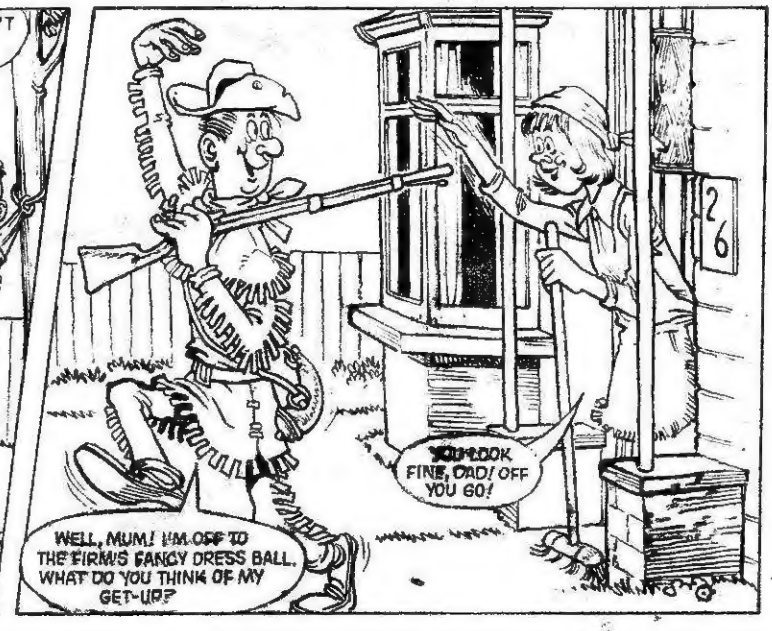
CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

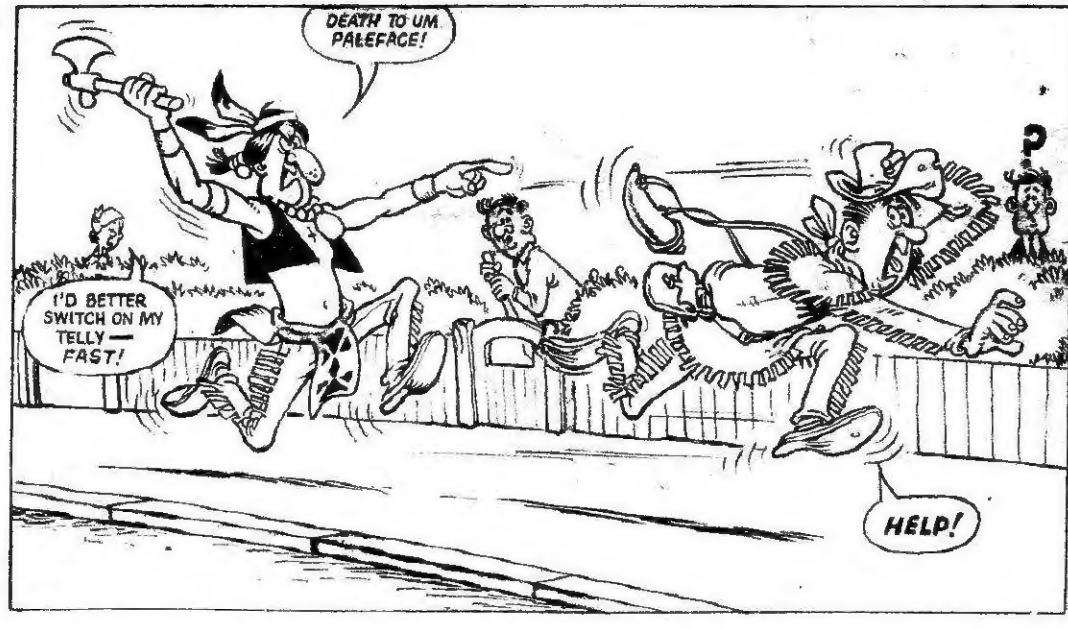
Obeying his orders to the letter, the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. is watching his step as he approaches the sinister castle. But the horse he is riding has put *his* foot in it, and the trip-wire automatically triggers-off a cannon.

The shot misses, but the noise causes the frightened horse to bolt—straight towards a deep ravine. They are going too fast for the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. to jump for safety. In any case, T.W.I.T. agents are hot on his heels! What *can* he do to avoid disaster? The answer is on Mister Knowall's Page inside!

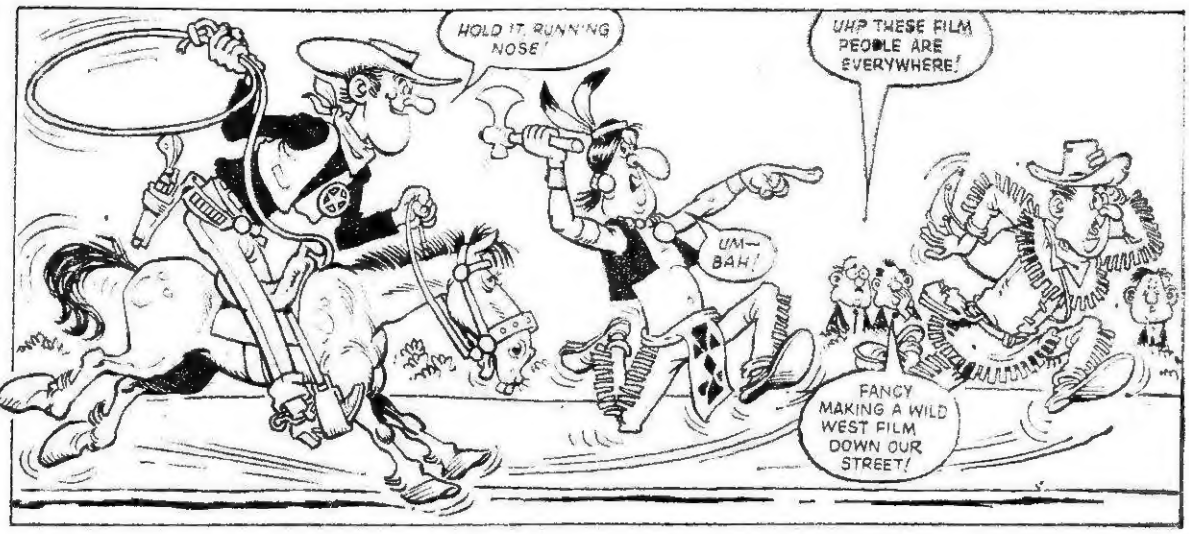
Charlie's Choice

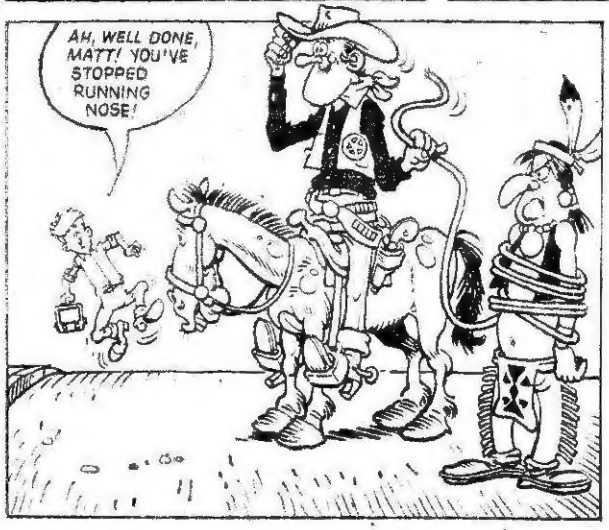
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...





PHEW—THANK GOODNESS! BIG MATT DILLON'S COME ON!
HELP ME, MATT! BIG CHIEF RUNNING NOSE IS AFTER MY DAD'S SCALP!
LEAVE IT TO ME, CHARLIE!


HOLD IT, RUNNING NOSE!
UHP THESE FILM PEOPLE ARE EVERYWHERE!
UM—BAH!
FANCY MAKING A WILD WEST FILM DOWN OUR STREET!


AH, WELL DONE, MATT! YOU'VE STOPPED RUNNING NOSE!

AHA! JUST THE PLACE FOR THIS SCALP-HAPPY INJUN!
BR
RESERVATIONS
EH?

ENQUIRIES
I WANT ONE OF THOSE THERE RESERVATIONS FOR THIS INJUN! THAT'S WHERE WE PUT 'EM TO KEEP 'EM OUT OF MISCHIEF!
B-B-BUT...

NO BUTS, MISTER! LISTEN—I'M THE MARSHAL AND WHAT I SAY IS LAW! SAVVY?
Y-YES, SIR! CERTAINLY, S-S-SIR!

BIG CHIEF RUNNING NOSE WON'T TROUBLE YOU AGAIN, CHARLIE! I'VE SENT HIM TO A RESERVATION!
OH, GOLLY! I'D BETTER GET HIM OUT OF THERE BEFORE HE SCALPS THE STATIONMASTER!

THIS END UP
FRAGILE
HANDLE WITH CARE

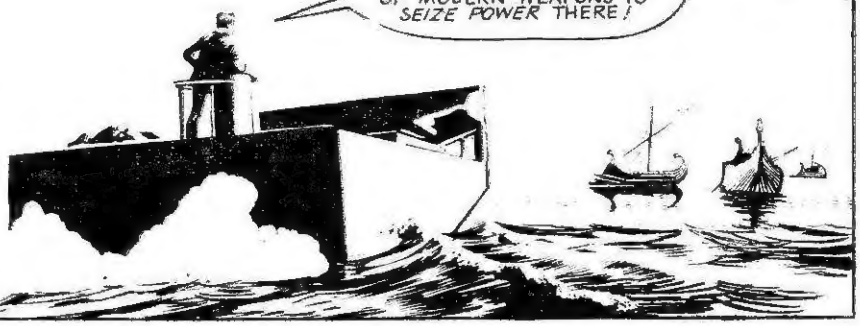
NOW WHERE CAN I SEND A REDSKIN—MOSCOW, MAYBE? OR HOW ABOUT READING? H'MM...
SSH, RUNNING NOSE!
THIS END UP
FRAGILE
URGENT

FRAGILE
THIS END UP
I SHOULD'VE LEFT YOU IN THERE, YOU SCALP-HAPPY CLOT! BUT THE VIEWERS WOULD MISS YOU ON THE TELLY!

DON'T WORRY, CHARLIE—I'M NOT COMING OUT AGAIN! NOT UM NEVER! IT AIN'T UM SAFE OUT THERE!
I HOPE THAT'S A PROMISE! EVEN IF I DO HAVE TO CHOP MUM'S WOOD BY MYSELF IN FUTURE!

THE GHOST PATROL

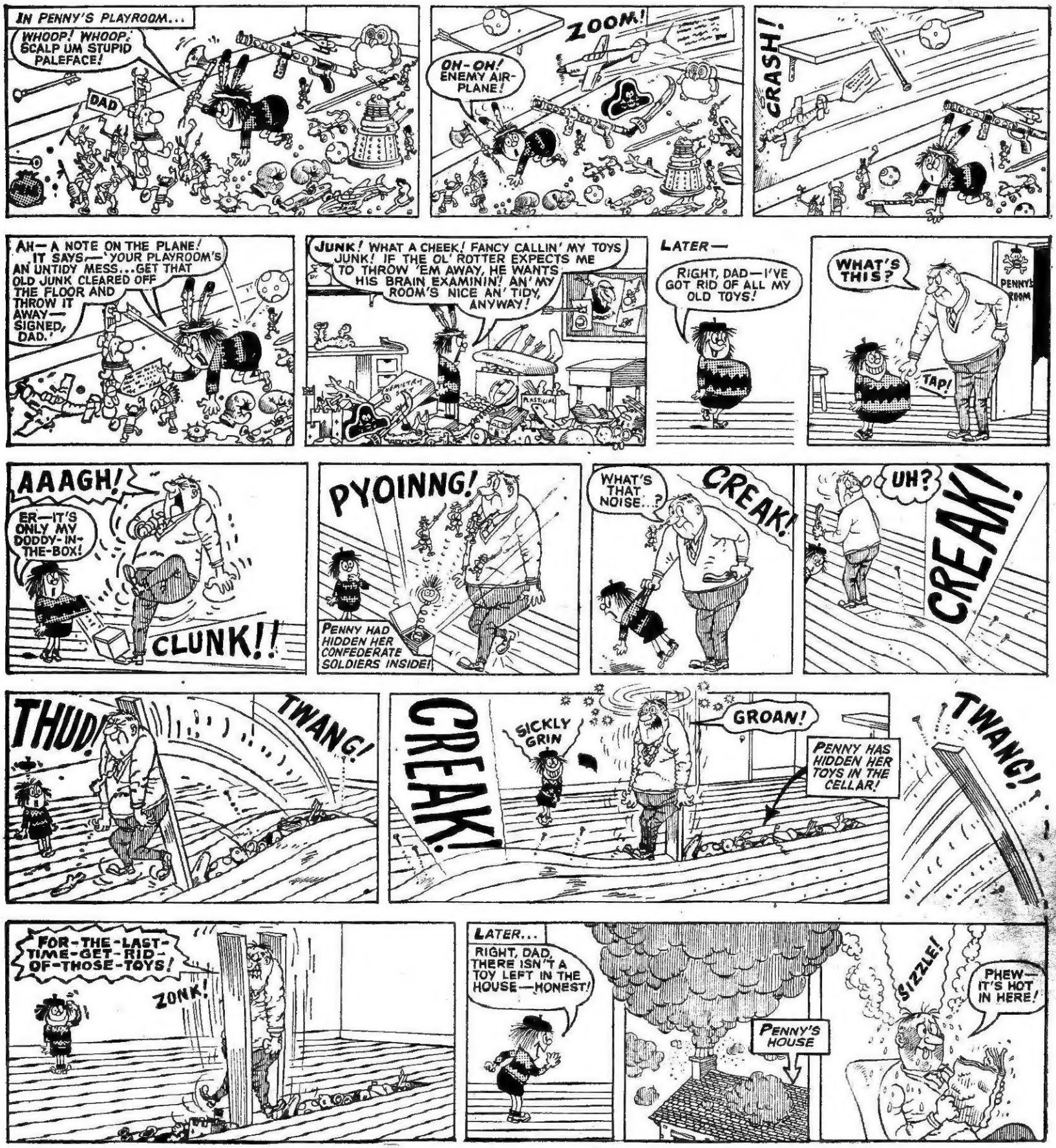
Sergeant Joe Timm and his patrol have been carried back to the year 1,000 B.C. by a time-machine. On the Greek island of Lemnos, they have used their tank against a fortress held by Trojans. Meanwhile, unknown to them, their Nazi prisoner, Erhart, has stolen their landing craft and headed for Egypt. On the way he passed a fleet of Greek galleys.

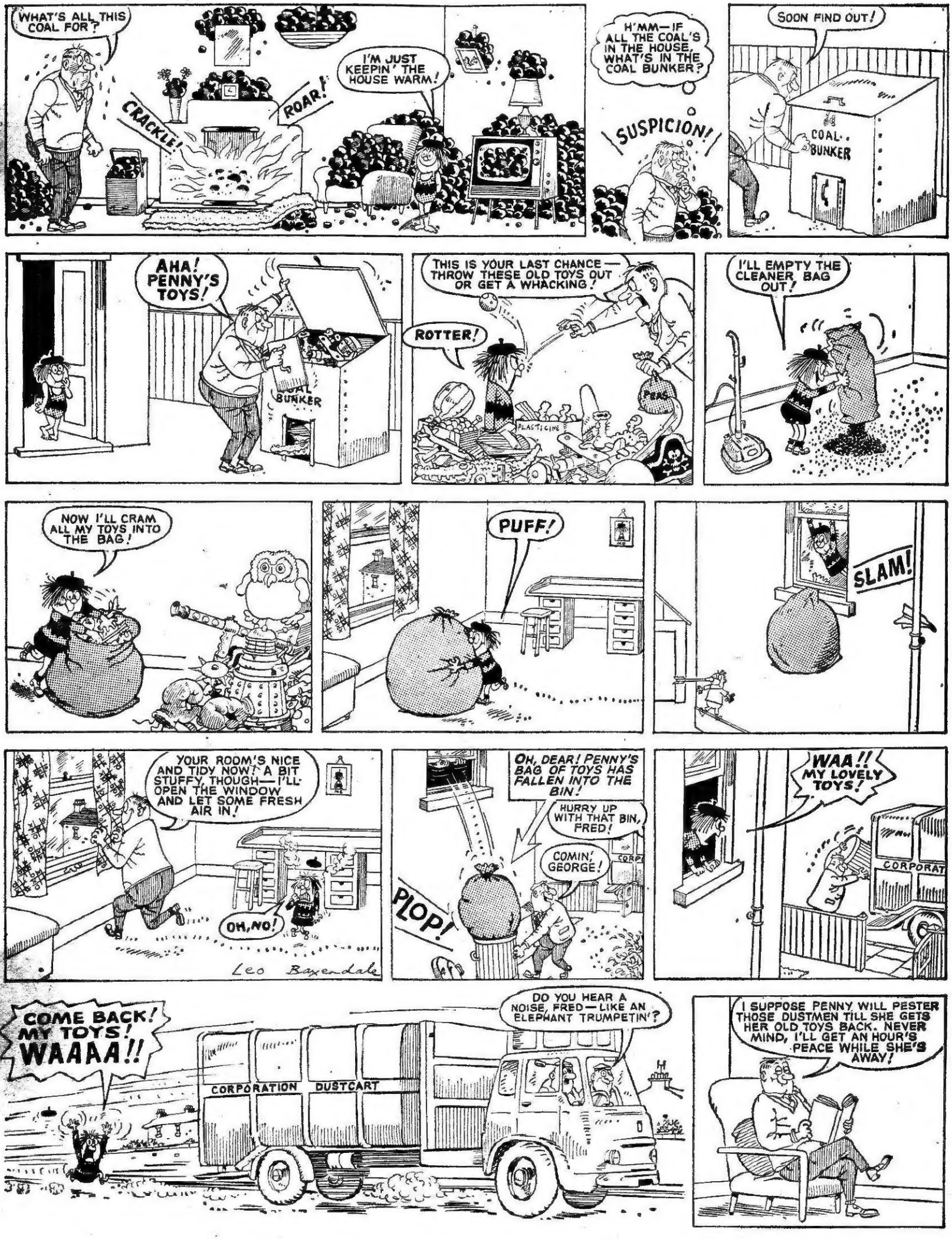


NEXT WEEK: CHASE ACROSS THE WAVES!

BAD PENNY

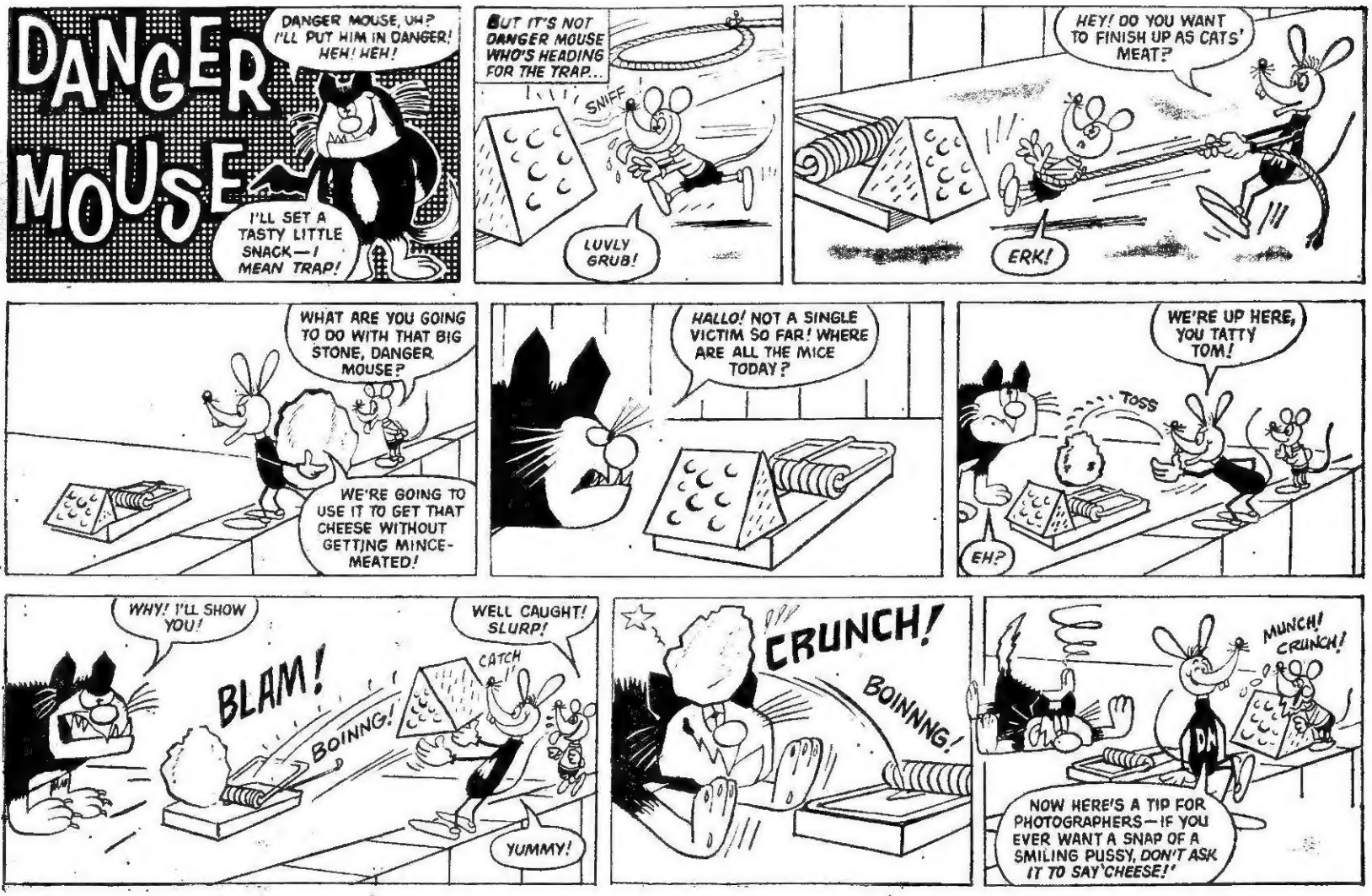
ONE PENNY 1966




WHAT'S ALL THIS COAL FOR?
CRACKLE!
ROAR!
I'M JUST KEEPIN' THE HOUSE WARM!
H'MM—IF ALL THE COAL'S IN THE HOUSE, WHAT'S IN THE COAL BUNKER?
SUSPICION!!
SOON FIND OUT!
COAL BUNKER
AHA! PENNY'S TOYS!
COAL BUNKER
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE — THROW THESE OLD TOYS OUT OR GET A WHACKING!
ROTTER!
PLASTICINE
BAG
I'LL EMPTY THE CLEANER BAG OUT!
NOW I'LL CRAM ALL MY TOYS INTO THE BAG!
PUFF!
SLAM!
YOUR ROOM'S NICE AND TIDY NOW! A BIT STUFFY, THOUGH—I'LL OPEN THE WINDOW AND LET SOME FRESH AIR IN!
OH, NO!
Leo Baxendale
OH, DEAR! PENNY'S BAG OF TOYS HAS FALLEN INTO THE BIN!
HURRY UP WITH THAT BIN, FRED!
COMIN', GEORGE!
PLOP!
WAA!! MY LOVELY TOYS!
CORPORAT
COME BACK! MY TOYS! WAAAA!!
CORPORATION DUSTCART
DO YOU HEAR A NOISE, FRED—LIKE AN ELEPHANT TRUMPETIN'?
I SUPPOSE PENNY WILL PESTER THOSE DUSTMEN TILL SHE GETS HER OLD TOYS BACK. NEVER MIND, I'LL GET AN HOUR'S PEACE WHILE SHE'S AWAY!

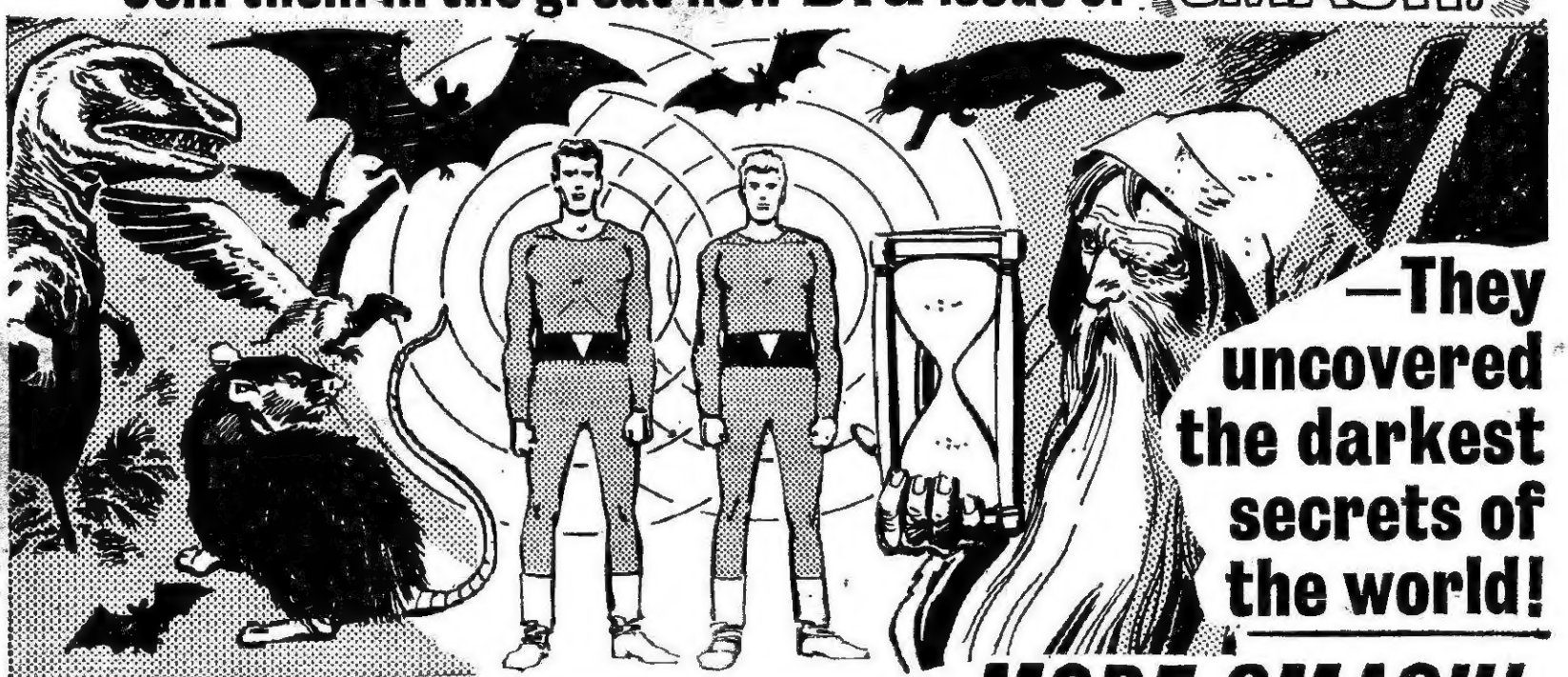
Percy's Pets

THINK I'LL POP OUT FOR A LITTLE STROLL!
SPLASH
GRRR! IT'S THAT HORRIBLE HEN PERCY'S GOT FOR A PET. LAYS EGGS EVERYWHERE — EXCEPT IN ITS BOX!
IN ANOTHER ROOM...
THAT HEN!
...AND IN ANOTHER...
THAT BLOOMING HEN!
YOU'RE A RIGHT CLOT, HILDA! WHY CAN'T YOU LAY YOUR EGGS IN THE BOX I GAVE YOU? WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE DAD GETS HIS HANDS ON YOU!
QUACK! QUACK!
DON'T BE DAFT! YOU'D NEVER PASS AS A DUCK, HILDA!
PRETTY POLLY! PRETTY POLLY! POLLY'S A PRETTY GIRL!
PACK IT IN! YOU WON'T FOOL DAD INTO THINKING YOU'RE A PARROT, EITHER! I'LL HAVE TO HIDE YOU!
QUICK—HIDE IN THERE — AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND!
PERCY! WHERE'S THAT BIRD?
ER— WHAT BIRD, DAD?
YOU KNOW WHAT BIRD I MEAN! WHERE IS SHE? SHE'S GOT TO GO!
SPLOSH
AAGH!
OH, NO! HILDA'S DONE IT AGAIN!
CHEERIO, HILDA! DON'T EAT THE CORN I'VE PACKED IN YOUR BAG ALL AT ONCE!
NEXT DAY...
HEH-HEH! I FIXED PERCY! NO MORE BLOOMING BIRD'S EGGS TO BOTHER ABOUT!
SPLOSH
MORNING, DAD! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW PET?
OH, NO! THE YOLK'S ON DAD AGAIN— WE JUST CAN'T WIN!
EGGSACTLY!



THE LEGEND TESTERS

Join them in the great new BIG issue of SMASH!



—They uncovered the darkest secrets of the world!

★ *More features!* ★ *More pages!* ★ ***MORE SMASH!***

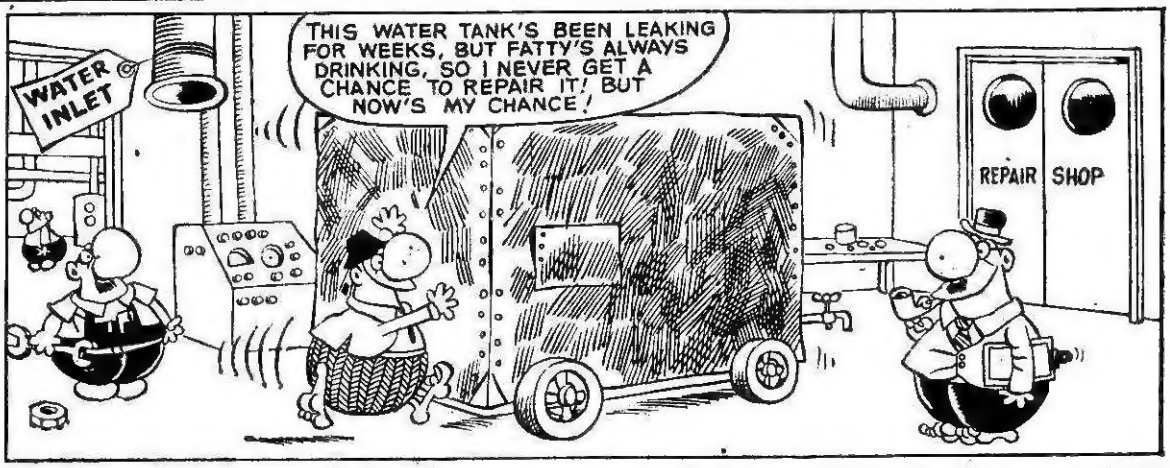
ON SALE NEXT WEEK—BETTER ORDER IT NOW!

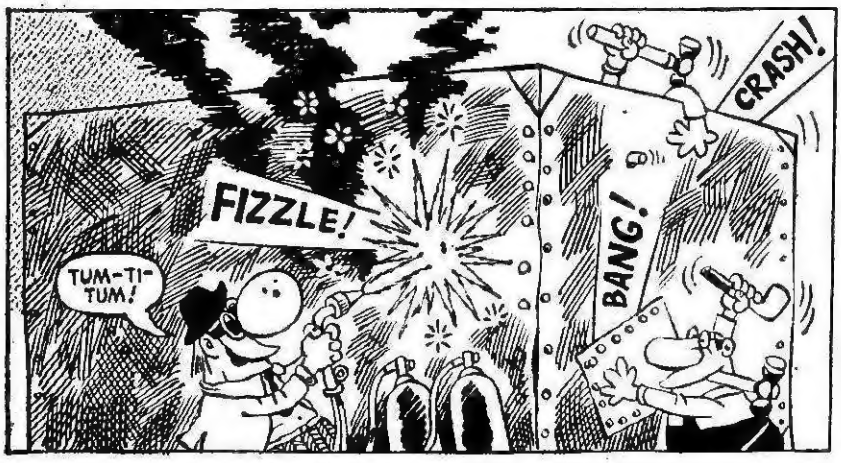
THE NERVS

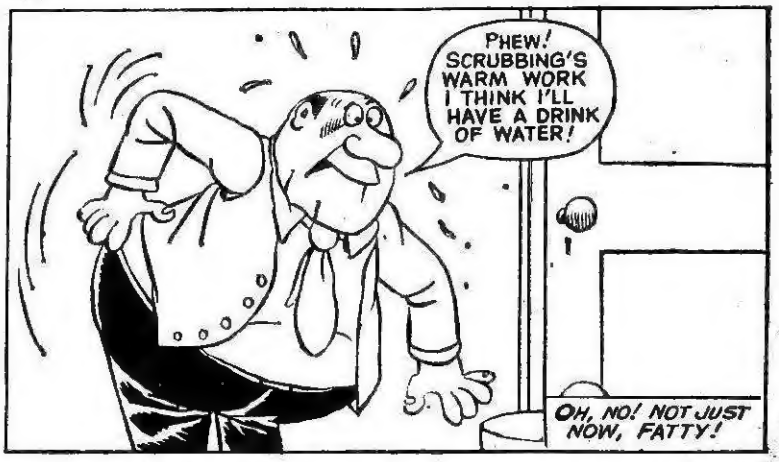
FATTY WAS WORKING HARD...
IT ISN'T FAIR! SCRUBBING THE FLOORS ISN'T MAN'S WORK! BUT THE CHAR'S DOWN WITH THE FLU SO I'VE GOT TO DO THE JOB MYSELF!

INSIDE FATTY'S BRAINBOX...
H'MM! OLD FATTY'S WORKIN' HARD! HE WON'T BE EATING FOR A WHILE! LET THE STOMACH LADS KNOW, CECIL!
EARHOLE RECEIVER
A SPLENDID IDEA, CLARENCE!

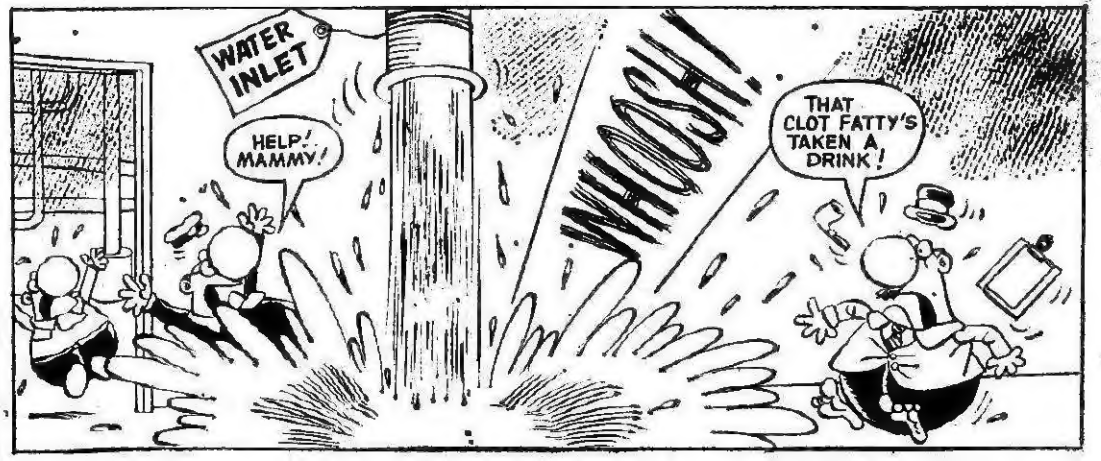
THAT'S GREAT NEWS, CECIL! I'LL BE ABLE TO GET OUR WATER TANK REPAIRED!
STOMACH OFFICE

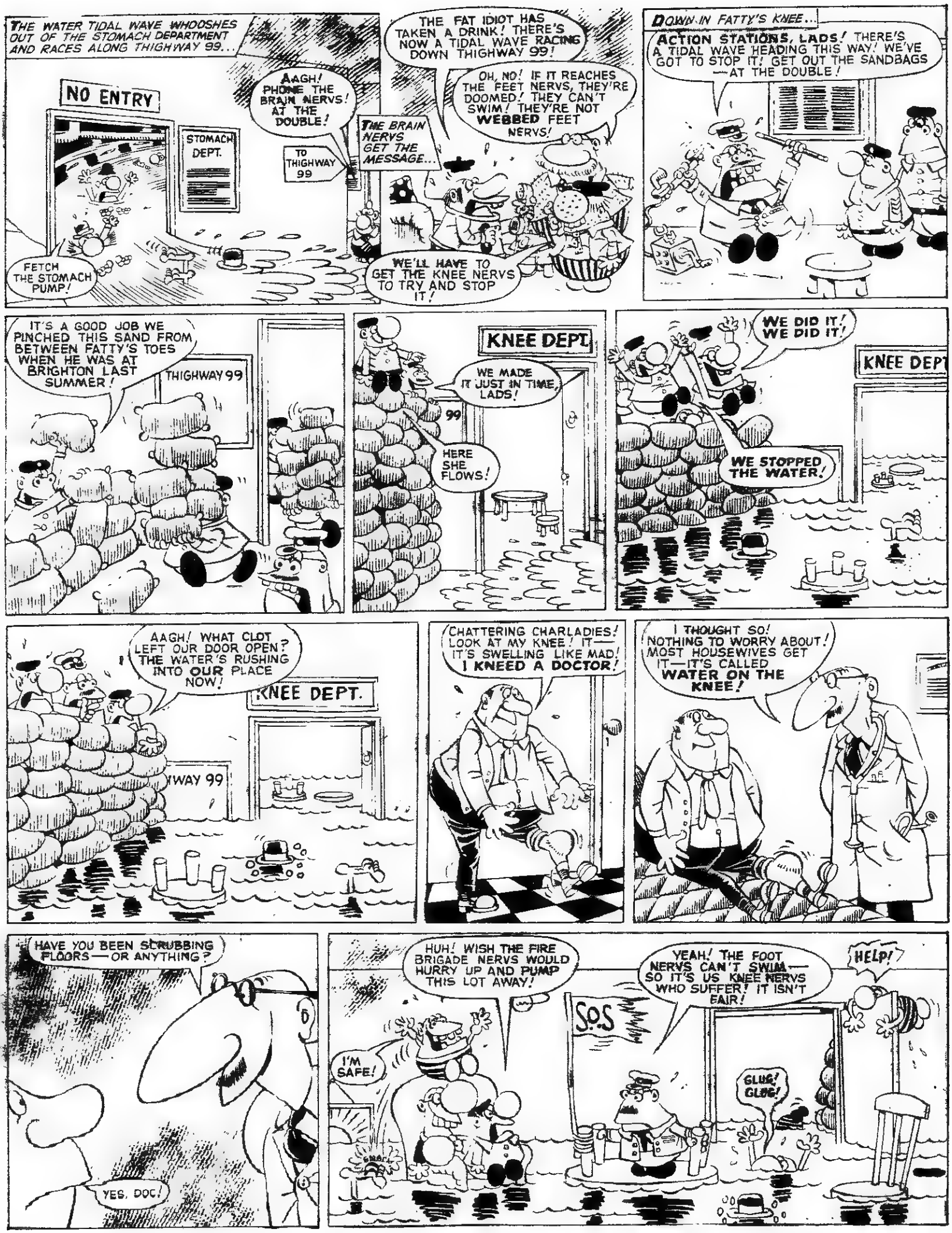

WATER INLET
THIS WATER TANK'S BEEN LEAKING FOR WEEKS, BUT FATTY'S ALWAYS DRINKING, SO I NEVER GET A CHANCE TO REPAIR IT! BUT NOW'S MY CHANCE!
REPAIR SHOP


FIZZLE!
TUM-TI-TUM!
BANG!
CRASH!


PHEW! SCRUBBING'S WARM WORK I THINK I'LL HAVE A DRINK OF WATER!
OH, NO! NOT JUST NOW, FATTY!

AAH! THAT'S BETTER!
GULP!


WATER INLET
HELP! MAMMY!
WHOOSH!
THAT CLOT FATTY'S TAKEN A DRINK!


THE WATER TIDAL WAVE WHOOSHES OUT OF THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT AND RACES ALONG THIGHWAY 99...
NO ENTRY
STOMACH DEPT.
AAGH! PHONE THE BRAIN NERVS! AT THE DOUBLE!
TO THIGHWAY 99
FETCH THE STOMACH PUMP!
THE FAT IDIOT HAS TAKEN A DRINK! THERE'S NOW A TIDAL WAVE RACING DOWN THIGHWAY 99!
THE BRAIN NERVS GET THE MESSAGE...
OH, NO! IF IT REACHES THE FEET NERVS, THEY'RE DOOMED! THEY CAN'T SWIM! THEY'RE NOT WEBBED FEET NERVS!
WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE KNEE NERVS TO TRY AND STOP IT!
DOWN IN FATTY'S KNEE...
ACTION STATIONS, LADS! THERE'S A TIDAL WAVE HEADING THIS WAY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT! GET OUT THE SANDBAGS —AT THE DOUBLE!
IT'S A GOOD JOB WE PINCHED THIS SAND FROM BETWEEN FATTY'S TOES WHEN HE WAS AT BRIGHTON LAST SUMMER!
THIGHWAY 99
KNEE DEPT.
WE MADE IT JUST IN TIME, LADS!
99
HERE SHE FLOWS!
WE DID IT! WE DID IT!
KNEE DEPT
WE STOPPED THE WATER!
AAGH! WHAT CLOT LEFT OUR DOOR OPEN? THE WATER'S RUSHING INTO OUR PLACE NOW!
KNEE DEPT.
WAY 99
CHATTERING CHARLADIES! LOOK AT MY KNEE! IT— IT'S SWELLING LIKE MAD! I KNEED A DOCTOR!
I THOUGHT SO! NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! MOST HOUSEWIVES GET IT—IT'S CALLED WATER ON THE KNEE!
HAVE YOU BEEN SCRUBBING FLOORS—OR ANYTHING?
YES, DOC!
HUH! WISH THE FIRE BRIGADE NERVS WOULD HURRY UP AND PUMP THIS LOT AWAY!
I'M SAFE!
SOS
YEAH! THE FOOT NERVS CAN'T SWIM— SO IT'S US KNEE NERVS WHO SUFFER! IT ISN'T FAIR!
HELP!
GLUG! GLUG!

SPACE Jinx

JINX, THE UNLUCKIEST BOY IN SPACE, IS FOLLOWING A ROCKET IN HIS SPECIAL SPACE-SUIT. BUT HE HUSTLES PAST AS THE ROCKET IS CAUGHT IN THE TV AERIAL OF A **FLYING SAUCER**...

HOORAY! JINX HAS MISSED US!

GOOD! WE WON'T MISS HIM!

SAVE THE CHEERING FOR LATER - WE'VE BEEN CAUGHT BY A FLYING, FLIPPIN' SAUCER!

AND JINX ISN'T GETTING OUT OF IT, EITHER!

HEY! WE'RE GOING DOWN!

OO-ER!

HELP! W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

SO THIS IS WHAT THE INSIDE OF A 'SAUCER' IS LIKE!

I WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR...

THAT NOSEY CREWMAN IS SOON GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR...

HERE IT COMES...

WAIT FOR IT READERS...

WHE

IT'S THE JINX!

SMACK!

COME OUT OF THAT TIN CAN SO WE CAN BASH YOU!

HOLD IT! SOMEONE'S COMING - LISTEN...

THUMP! THUMP!

HO-HO! SO THESE ARE THE ROTTERS WHO BASHED IN OUR TELLY AERIAL!

YEAH! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO WATCH CORONATION STREET TONIGHT NOW!

-OR B.B.C. 2!

LOCK 'EM UP IN THE BRIG, ME HEART

HELP! WE'VE BEEN CAUGHT BY SPACE PIRATES!

CHINS UP, MATES!

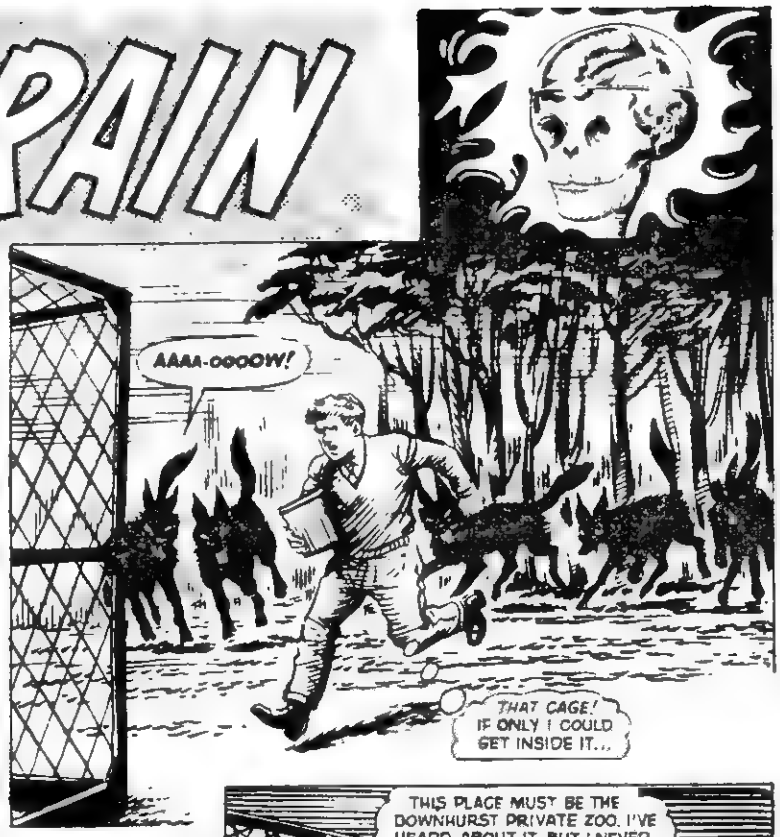
I GOT A ROCKET FOR PRESSING THAT BUTTON, DON'T I?

SALUTE THE FLAG, ME HEARTIES! WE REALLY MUST GET A NEW ONE, THOUGH. FIDO'S RIPPED OFF ONE OF THE BONES!

OOH - LUV'LY, THE CAPTAIN'S BACK - WITH A NEW FLAG FOR ME TO CHEW UP!

A CHEST-FUL OF LAUGHS WITH BOY IN SPACE NEXT WEEK!

BRIAN'S BRAIN



WHAT STRANGE TERROR HAS STRUCK

THE JUNGLE GIANT? SEE NEXT WEEK!

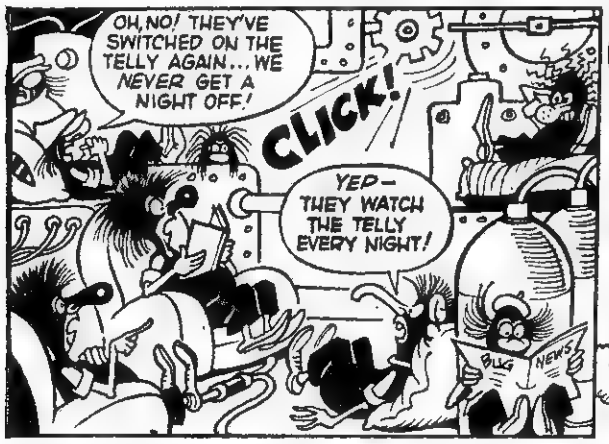
QUEEN OF THE

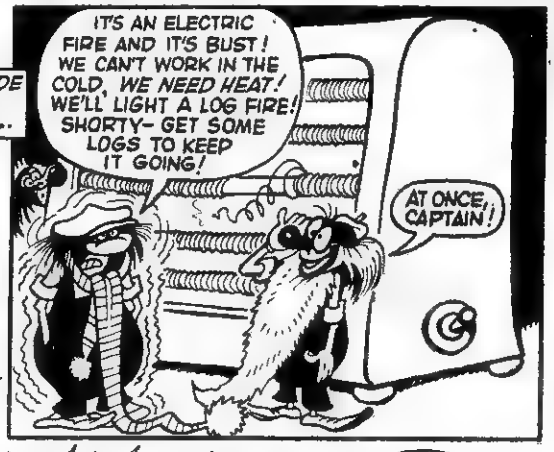
KIPPER-CATCHER 'QUEENIE' HAS PANCAKE-LANDED IN 500,000 GLUGGING GALLONS OF BLACK TREACLE ABOARD THE TANKER S.S. 'GOOEY-GUTS'...
ELP!
GLUG! CLAG!
SOS!
AGH!
THAT'S THE TANKER'S DOCTOR LEAPING FOR HIS LIFE!
...THE CREW HAVE FLED UP THE MAST IN TERROR AT THE APPEARANCE OF QUEENIE'S CAPTAIN —ENOCH DRIP— WHO HAS BEEN 'KIPPERED' IN QUEENIE'S SMOKE...
THAT'S THE STORY, MATEYS — NOW IT'S TIME TO CAST OFF ON THIS WEEK'S SCREAM-A-SECOND INSTALMENT!
QUICK! DIAL 999 AND TELL 'EM TO SEND A HOSPITAL SHIP!
I'VE GOT TO GET MY SKIPPER CURED!
HE LOOKS CURED ALREADY— CURED LIKE A CURED KIPPER.
THIS IS 'NUTTY' SLACK — THE TANKER'S APPRENTICE STOKER.
SO YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY! YOUR SHIP'S DOC SAID MY SKIPPER HAS GOT SOME 'ORRIBLE TROPICAL DISEASE THAT'LL MAKE HIM DIE LAUGHING IN HALF-AN-HOUR FLAT!
HUH! THAT IDIOT COULDN'T TELL A PIMPLE FROM A DIMPLE! LET'S GO TO THE SHIP'S LIBRARY!
WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S REALLY WRONG WITH HIM!
A LONG TIME LATER...
I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING IN THIS LOT —
LOOK UNDER 'KIPPERITUS'!
LIBRARY
UH? THERE'S NO SUCH DISEASE AS KIPPERITUS!
WE'D BETTER GIVE UP, THEN. IT'S TO LATE TO SAVE HIM NOW— HIS HALF-HOUR'S UP!
HELP! HE'S STARTING TO SMILE! ENOCH, LAD, DON'T LAUGH!
HANG ON, MISTER BLOOP! I'VE COME TO A DECISION!
LIBRARY
CRACKLE!
CRUNCH!
TWO TICKS LATER, NUTTY BLUNDERS BACK WITH A PAIR OF HAND-BELLOWS...
I'VE DECIDED TO OPERATE! I'LL PUMP HIM BACK TO HIS NORMAL SHAPE!
AGH! NO!
WOBBLE!
ZIP!
YOU PEA-BRAINED GOON! HE'LL FLY INTO THOUSANDS OF LITTLE BITS IF YOU BLOW HIM UP, LIKE TREACLE TOFFEE WHEN IT'S CLOBBERED!
RIGHT, MATE! THEN HIS ONLY OTHER HOPE IS THAT YOU OVERLOOKED SOMETHING IN THIS MEDICAL BOOK— ERK! YOU TWIT! YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING UP MRS BEETON'S COOKERY BOOK!
COOKERY BOOK
WHAT?!
AGH! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE CHANGED MY SPECS!
WAIT! HOLD IT A MINUTE—
SORRY! YOU'RE TOO LATE, MATE! HE'S GONE!
WHAT D'YER MEAN? HE'S THERE — RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
WRONG, PAL! THAT'S NOT HIM! — NOT ANY MORE!
IF IT'S NOT ENOCH, WHO IS IT THEN?
IT'S NOTHING BUT A HOLLOW SHELL — THAT ONCE HOUSED THE POOR, TORMENTED SOUL OF THE LATE CAPTAIN ENOCH DRIP!

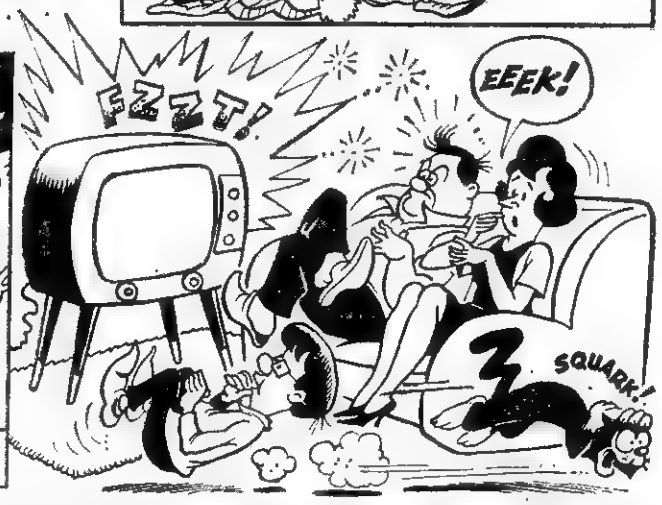
SEAS

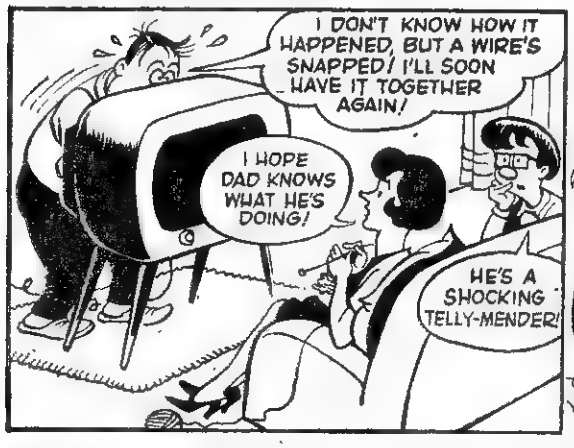
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU FAT NIT, WHILE YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING UP MRS BEETON'S COOKERY BOOK— YOUR MATE'S 'SNUFFED IT!
EEEK!
ENOCH, OLD PAL! SPEAK TO ME! TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE! (SOB!) HOW CAN I GO ON WITHOUT YOU?
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO GET 'QUEENIE' OUT OF THAT BLACK-TREACLE ALL ON MY OWN? YOU'RE ROTTEN, YOU SELFISH, SKINNY TWIT! BOO-HOO! DYING ON ME AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT WHILE YOU WERE LOOKING THROUGH MRS. BEETON'S —
ANYWAY, ALL THAT CRYING ISN'T GOING TO BRING HIM BACK. THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR HIM NOW, IS TO GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL—SHARPISH, MATE!
UNION JACK
AND SO, TO THE STRAINS OF 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY', THE KIPPERED REMAINS OF ENOCH DRIP ARE COMMITTED TO THE DEEP...
FAREWELL, SHIPMATE!
LAND
CLICK-CLICK!
OF HOPE
CLICK-CLICK!
AND GLORY
(SNIFF!) I HOPE WE'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING! I MEAN, HE ALWAYS LOOKED HALF DEAD WHEN HE WAS ALIVE!
ZIP
BUT THERE'S ONE SMALL SNAG TO THIS FUNERAL — THE CORPSE ISN'T DEAD! ACTUALLY, ENOCH'S HEART IS WORKING OVERTIME... BUT DUE TO HIS FLATTENED CONDITION IT'S BEATING FROM END-TO-END INSTEAD OF FRONT-TO-BACK!
...AND IF 'NUTTY' SLACK HAD CLAMPED HIS EAR ON THE TOP OF ENOCH'S BONCE OR THE SOLES OF HIS FEET —INSTEAD OF HIS RIBS— HE'D HAVE HEARD IT...
DRIFT
SKIM
GLIDE
WHEE-EE
SPLAT!
BUT AS SOON AS ENOCH SOAKS UP THE WATERS OF THE WARM PACIFIC— HE ROARS INTO VIOLENT LIFE!
GLA-H-ARG! (GLUG!) THE ROTTEN FIENDS TRIED TO DROWN ME! (GUGGLE!) 'ELP! S.O.S.! POLICE!..
YES, SHIPMATES! THE KIPPERED SKIPPER SWELLS SWIFTLY BACK TO NORMALITY!
I WOULDN'T WANT YOUR CONSCIENCE, MATE! WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE BEFORE ALL THIS?
HERE'S HIS PHOTO!
YEEKS!
DON'T LET YOUR CONSCIENCE PRICK YOU, PAL! HE'S BETTER OFF WHERE HE IS!
!
WHICH IS FATHOMS BELOW THE WAVES! FOLLOW HIS GURGLINGS IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

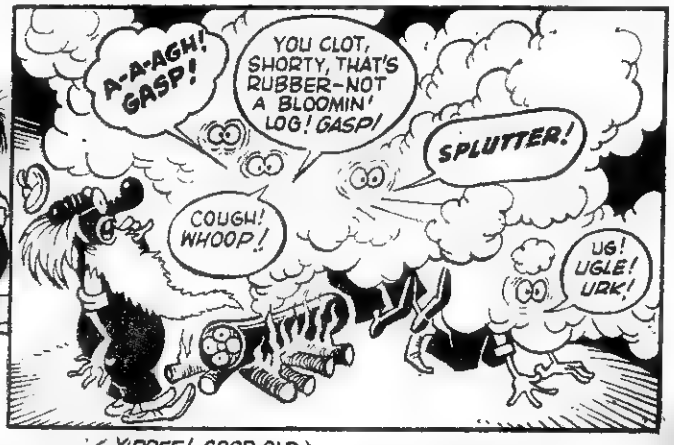
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ONE – BUT THEY LIVE IN EVERY TELLY!

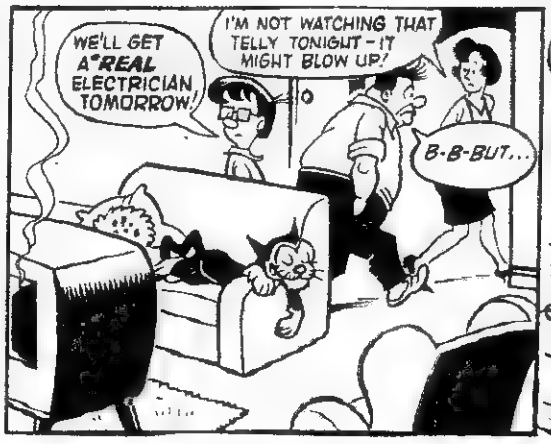












MEET... Mister Knowall *

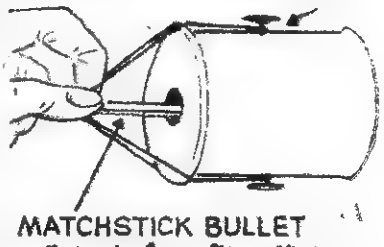
He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Have fun with this powerful..

TARGET GUN

A cotton [illegible] strong elastic band and 2 [illegible] pins are all you need to mak[illegible] gun.
You can [illegible] to put them together from th[illegible].
Make [illegible] out of figures, ships and so on, cut out of comics and pasted onto cardboard.
WARNING: IT IS A powerful weapon, so never point it at anyone!

ELASTIC BAND LOOPED AROUND DRAWING PINS



MATCHSTICK BULLET

MAGIC SQUARE

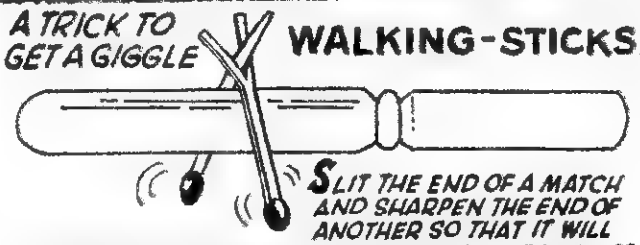
16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

WHICHEVER WAY YOU ADD UP A ROW OF FIGURES IN THIS SQUARE, THEY'LL MAKE = 34. TRY IT, DOWN, ACROSS, EVEN DIAGONALLY!
DIVIDE THE SQUARE INTO FOUR SMALLER SQUARES. THE FIGURES IN EACH WILL AGAIN ADD UP TO 34. AND THE CENTRE SQUARE ADDS UP TO THE SAME!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

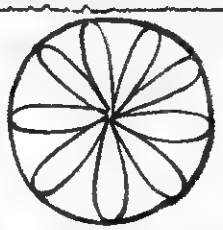
OUR agent clamps his hands over the horse's eyes. Blinded, it screeches to a halt, and the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. once more has it under control. Now he uses it to make good his escape.

A TRICK TO GET A GIGGLE — WALKING-STICKS!



SLIT THE END OF A MATCH AND SHARPEN THE END OF ANOTHER SO THAT IT WILL PASS THROUGH THE SLIT TO JOIN BOTH THE MATCHES TOGETHER AS SHOWN IN THE DRAWING.
NOW REST THE JOINED MATCHES ON THE BLADE OF A TABLE-KNIFE AND HOLD THE KNIFE SO THAT THE TIPS JUST TOUCH A TABLE-TOP. THE MATCHES WILL WALK ALONG THE KNIFE-BLADE!

DRAW THIS PATTERN WITHOUT TAKING YOUR PENCIL OFF THE PAPER OR GOING OVER A LINE TWICE.



ANSWER

START WHERE SHOWN, DRAWING CIRCLE LAST.

The beginning was front-page news in every Daily paper — but the story that comes after is bigger by far. And is told only in SMASH!

Look out for

MOON MADNESS

in next week's big, BIG issue of SMASH!

You've been disappointed before. Why not order SMASH! and make sure of your copy?

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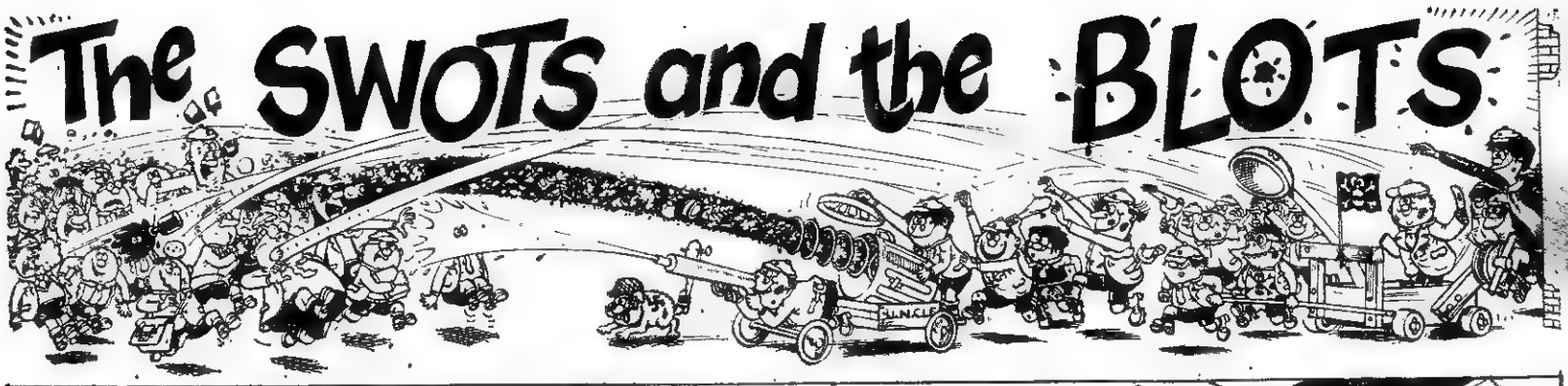
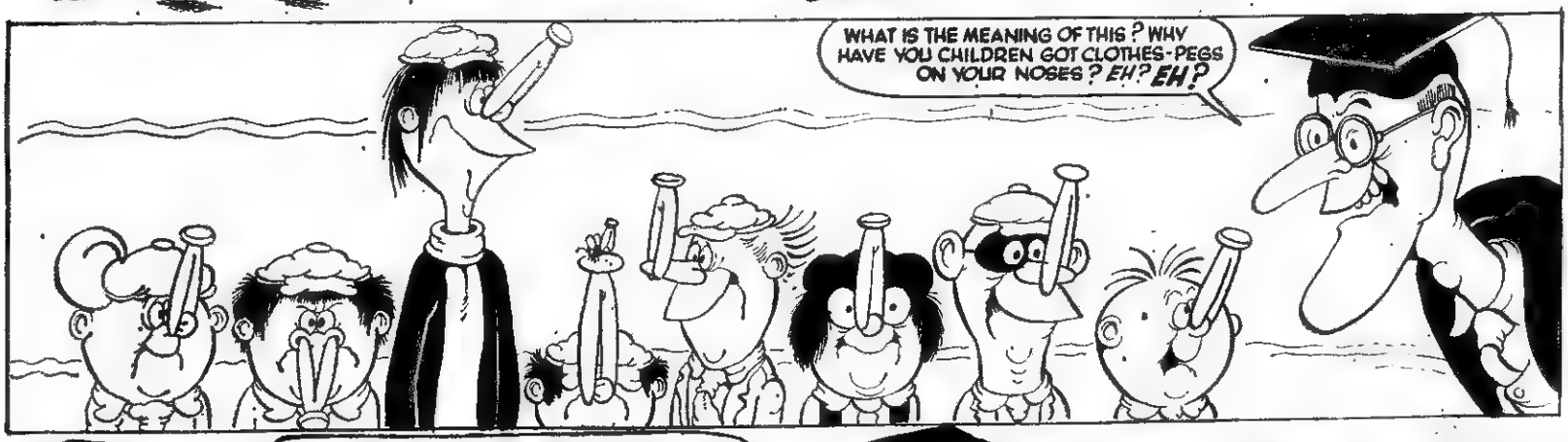
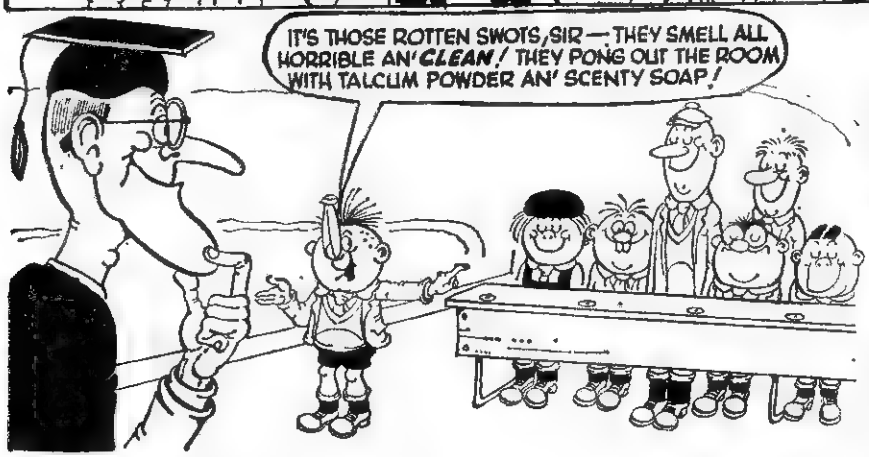
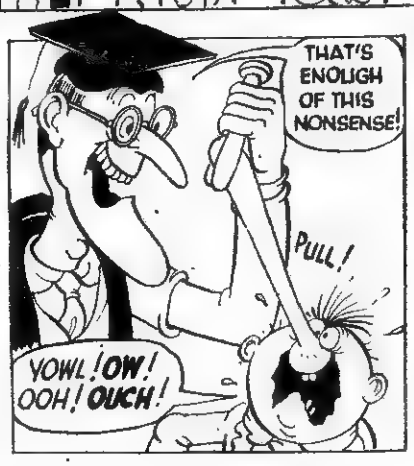
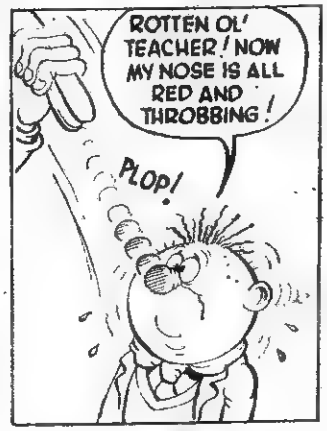
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

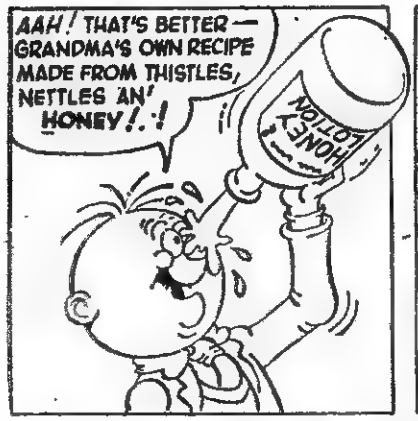


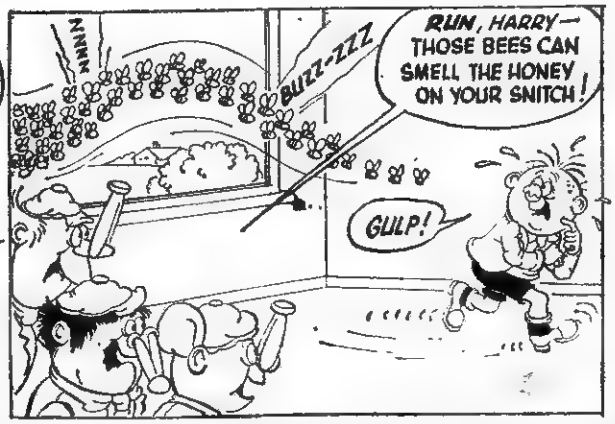


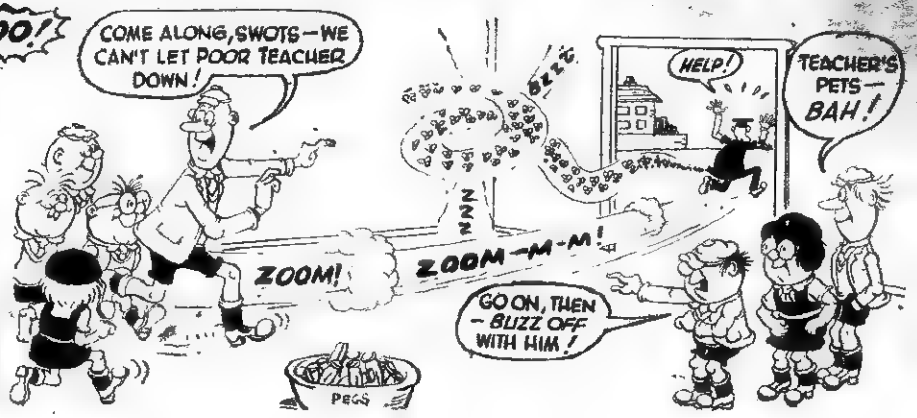


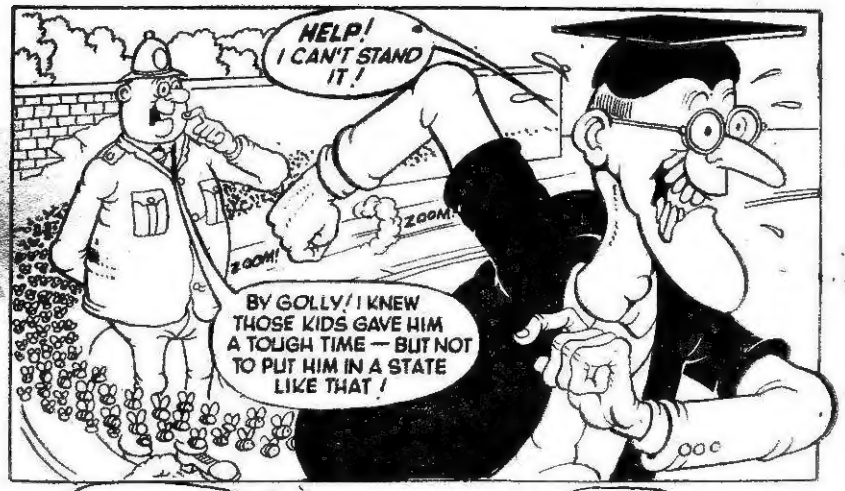




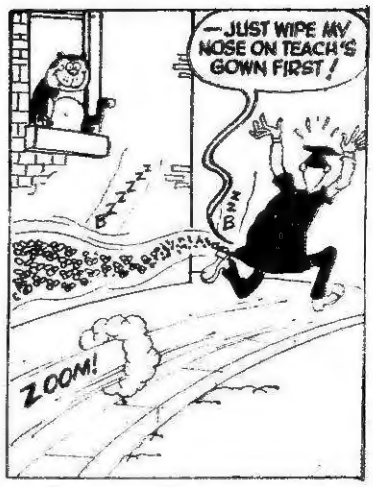




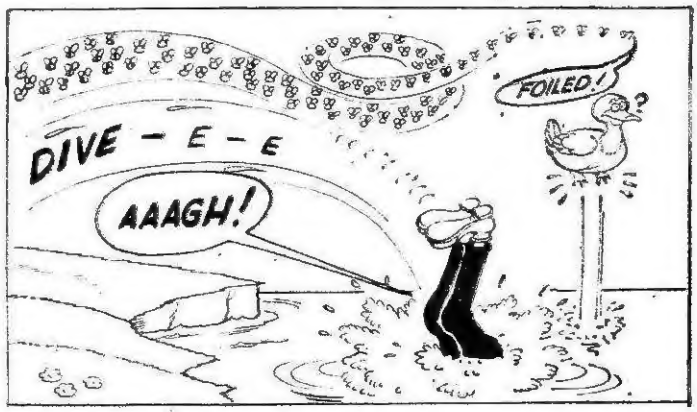



HELP! I CAN'T STAND IT!
ZOOM!
ZOOM!
BY GOLLY! I KNEW THOSE KIDS GAVE HIM A TOUGH TIME — BUT NOT TO PUT HIM IN A STATE LIKE THAT!

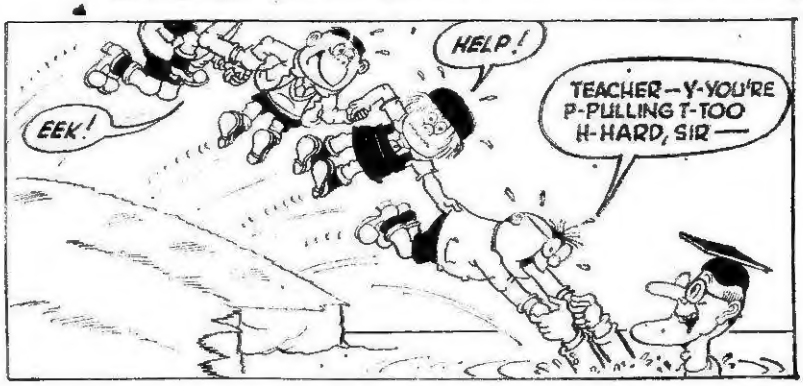
GIBBER! HELP!!
TIME I GOT OUT OF HERE —


— JUST WIPE MY NOSE ON TEACH'S GOWN FIRST!
ZOOM!

KEEP RUNNING, SIR — YOU'LL TIRE THEM OUT, WITH LUCK!
BZZZ
BUZZZZZ
SAVE ME!
DUCK POND
DROP-P
HMM — BAD LUCK!


DIVE — E — E
AAAGH!
FOILED!

LET'S SAVE TEACHER — THEN HE WILL BE PLEASED WITH US!
CLUTCH MY HAND, SIR. WE WILL HAUL YOU OUT, SIR!
OH, THANK YOU!

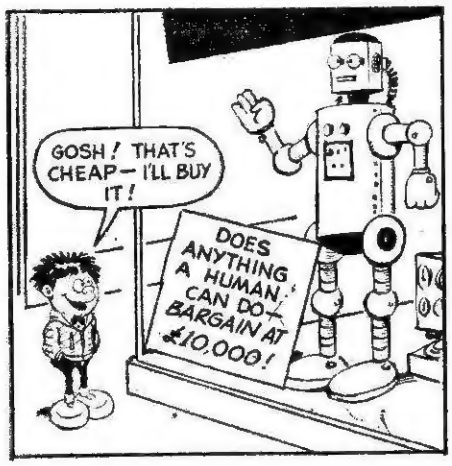

EEK!
HELP!
TEACHER — Y-YOU'RE P-PULLING T-TOO H-HARD, SIR —

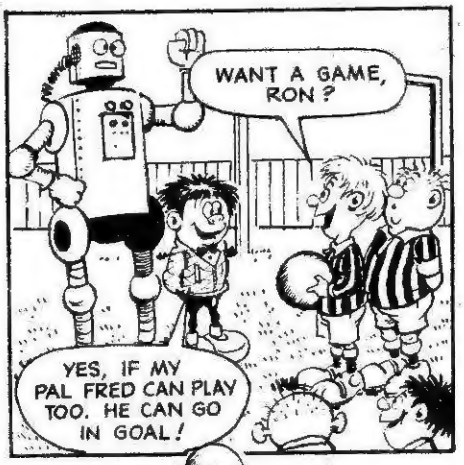
COR! WHAT A LUV'LY SIGHT — LOOK!
TUG!

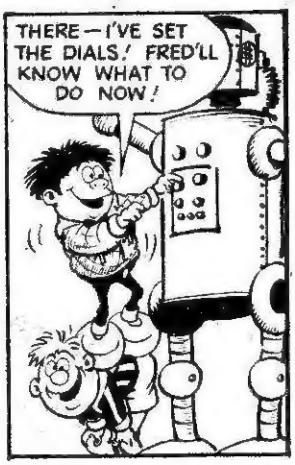
NIFF!
PHOO!
NASTY RIVER PONG!
MUDDY NIFF!
PONG!
BET YOU'RE GLAD WE BROUGHT THOSE CLOTHES-PEGS TO SCHOOL NOW, TEACHER!
WE WON'T NEED 'EM FOR OUR NOSES NOW THAT MUCKY RIVER'S WASHED THAT SMELL OFF THE BLOTS!
WHAT A LOT OF DRIPS!

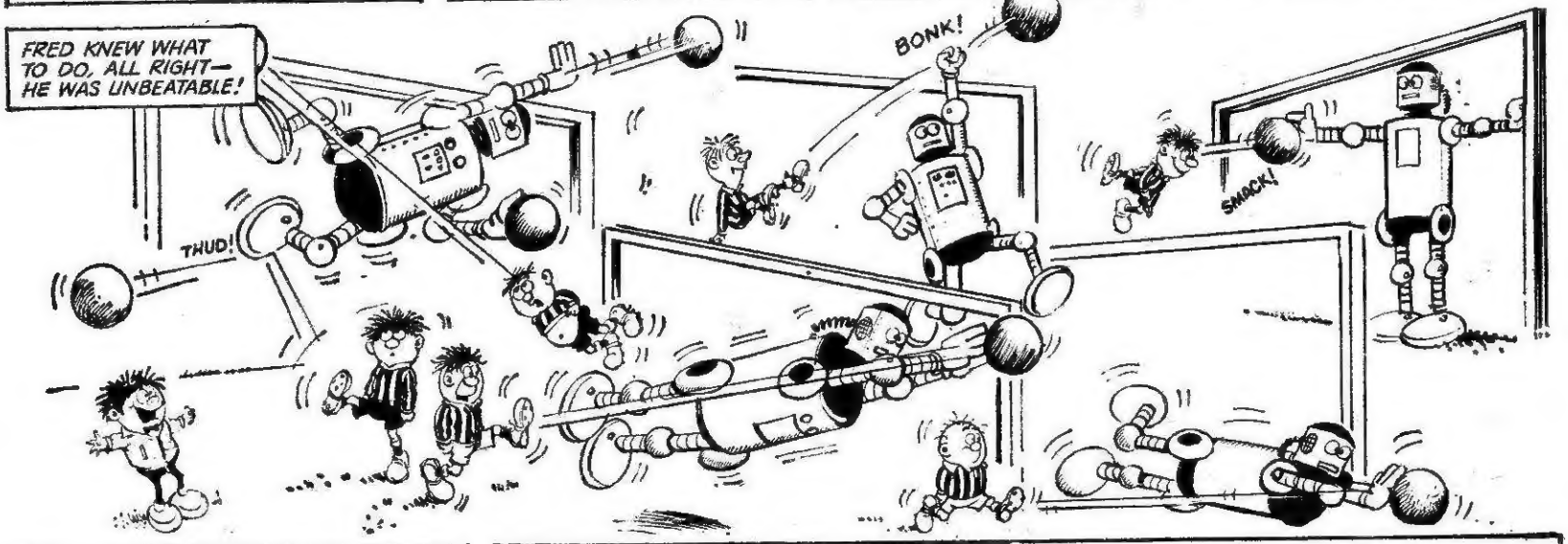
MEET THE BOY WHO CAN'T SPEND MONEY FAST ENOUGH!

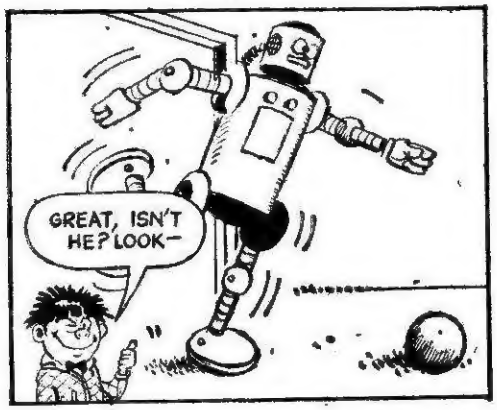
RONNIE RICH



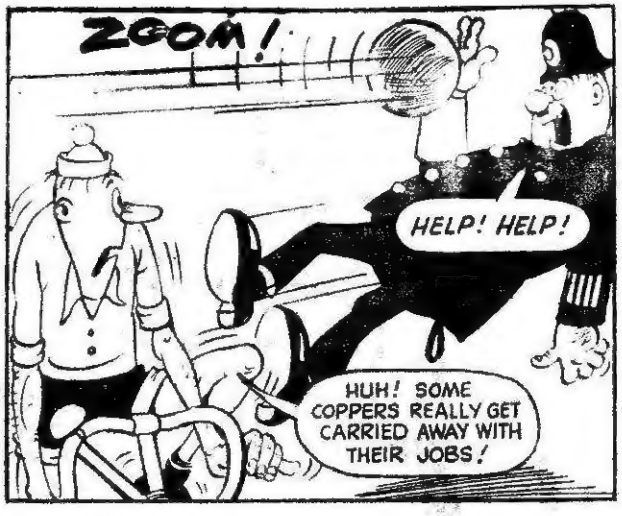


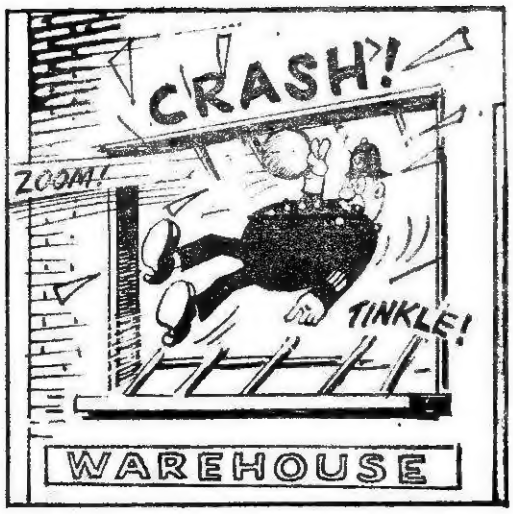




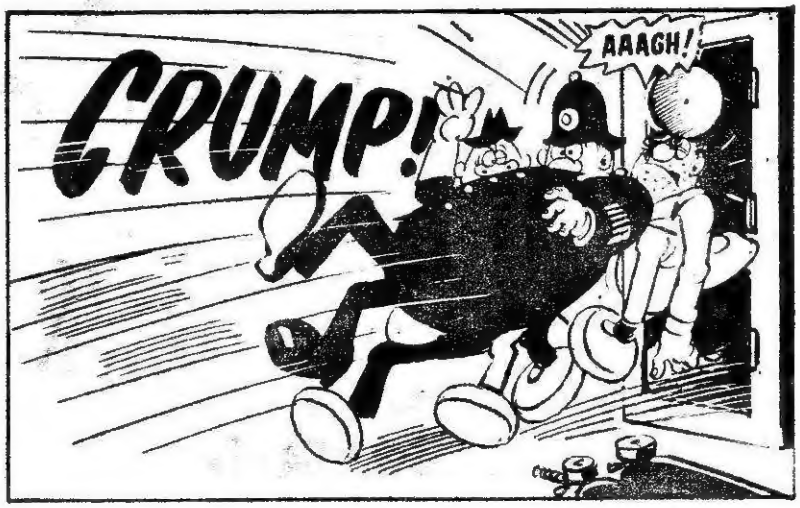


ZUNK!

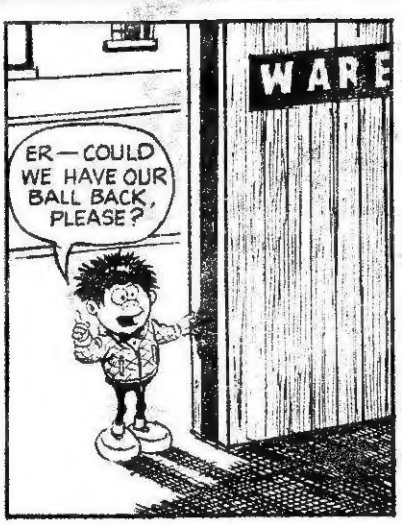

ZOOM!
HELP! HELP!
HUH! SOME COPPERS REALLY GET CARRIED AWAY WITH THEIR JOBS!


CRASH!
ZOOM!
TINKLE!
WAREHOUSE

ERK! ALF— IT'S THE PERISHING POLICE!

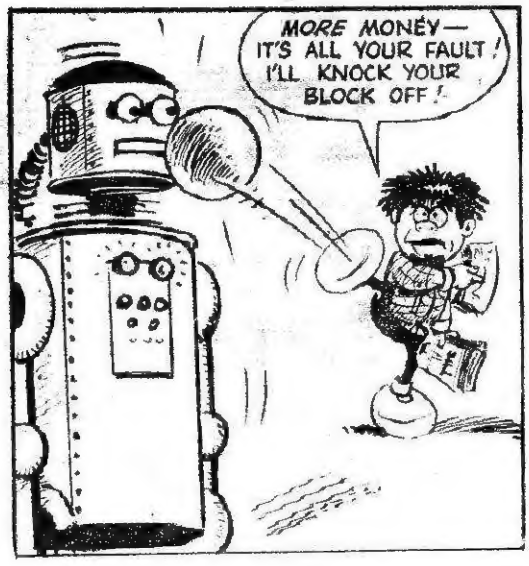

CRUMP!
AAAGH!

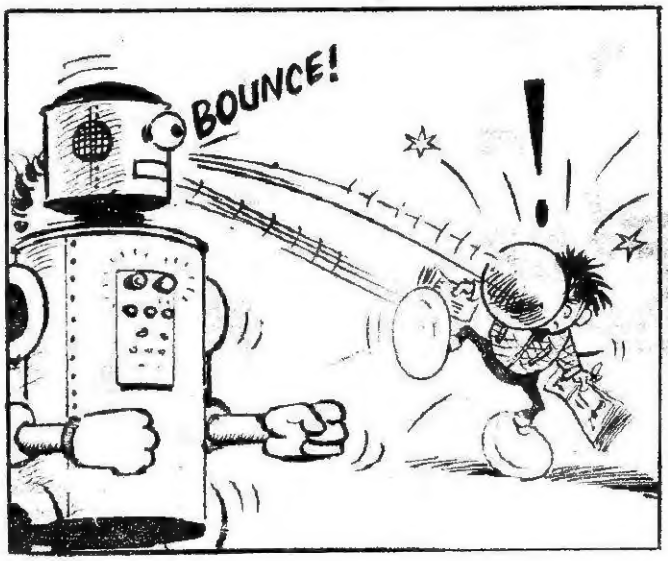
WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T ALF AND 'ENRY HIGGINS! WANTED THROUGHOUT THE LAND!


WARE
ER—COULD WE HAVE OUR BALL BACK, PLEASE?

CERTAINLY, LAD! HERE'S YOUR BALL—

—AND YOU'LL BE GETTING A REWARD FOR HELPING ME CATCH THESE TWO RASCALS!
OH, NO! MORE MONEY!


MORE MONEY— IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!


BOUNCE!

RONNIE'S HAVING SWEET DREAMS — DREAMING HE'S BROKE!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

COME ALONG, BOYS — WE'RE NEARLY THERE. THIS WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE GREAT DRAIN ROBBERY!

BUT WHO WANTS TO ROB A DRAIN, MR FEENDISH?

DON'T BE SILLY, CHILD. THIS DRAIN RUNS RIGHT UNDER A BANK — AND THIS GRATING LEADS INTO THE VAULTS!!

HOLD STILL YOU LITTLE TWITS. THAT WATER WON'T HURT YOU — IT'S NOT CLEAN!

SPLOSH!

AAAGH!

HELP! COME BACK, YOU STINKERS!

AND, IN THE BANK ABOVE...

HELP!

HELLO — SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE...

I'LL GIVE THEM A LIFT!

GOOD MORNING — YOU LOOK TIRED!

CLANG!

HAVE A REST — I'LL CLEAN OUT THE VAULT!

SQUELCH

CLUMP CLUMP!

OH-OH! HERE COMES SOMEBODY. TIME TO GO!

HEE, HEE! YOU'LL NEVER GET DOWN THIS HOLE AFTER ME. YOU'RE TOO BIG!

HAR, HAR! SO ARE YOU WITH ALL THAT MONEY STUFFING YOU OUT!

OW! OUCH!

DON'T WORRY, MR FEENDISH. WE'VE GOT A BOAT — WE'LL SAVE YOU!

ALL TOGETHER — HEEEAVE!

WHEW! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

NOT THAT WAY! YOU'VE GONE THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT!

THEY'VE GOT DOGS TRACKING US!

DOWN HERE I MUST BE WATER SPANIELS!

MADE IT!

WHAT ABOUT ME? GET ME OUT OF HERE!

THE ROWBOAT'S STILL ROUND HIS WAIST! HE'S JAMMED!

EEK! THEY'VE CAUGHT UP! OUCH!

GOTCHA!

OOOOH!

HEY, MR FEENDISH — YOU'VE LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND!

BAH! ALL THE LOOT WAS IN MY POCKETS!

IF YOU ASK US, THAT GREAT DRAIN ROBBERY WAS A STINKING IDEA!